

JANET LEE

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"The not of him I was speaking. Would that all the world were like Master Lee."

"Who, then, of the Lees—"

"If you command me to speak plainly—"

"I command nothing, nor can I, by virtue of my office, command any man. I simply execute the will of those in authority, as you well know. And I tell thee, Giles, that I will not do the duties of my office in ill times. God save us all from making more of our office than strict, even justice calls for in perilous seasons."

The Marshal of Salem exhibited more feeling than he had ever been known to reveal. Giles Ellis, too, looked very grave.

"Since you speak so plain, Master Hobbs, I must speak in plain return, lest you misconstrue my meaning. And since you are a friend of John Lee's, all the more reason for plain speaking. It is said some of his family has dealings with the evil one."

"It is said!" the Marshal repeated, in visible alarm. "Oh! an it come no closer than 'it is said'—"

"I do not say it of my own accord. 'Tis in friendship I say it. Neither can I say anything touching this of my own accord. I but do this to advise you in time, so you may prepare John Lee in case you are compelled to do your duty."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Marshal, greatly relieved; "so you know nothing more than idle rumor?"

"Nothing but what report says."

"Aye, but report, as you know well, may make the best man in Salem. But I'll make a note of it, and I think thee, Giles Ellis, for a timely warning. And, now, what is this rumor?"

The misfortune that befell John Winslow was in everybody's mouth. The Marshal of Salem was the point of asking Giles if any of Lee's family were suspected or mentioned in connection with the monstrous cruelty, but Giles anticipated him.

"An it go no farther, it is said that if the truth were known some there are in John Lee's household who conspire to kill him. John Winslow's horse and lambs were killed."

"'Tis past belief," said the Marshal. "Miss Lee is as kindly as any woman in Salem. Janet is as like her mother as any daughter born of woman may be. 'Tis a thing past all belief."

"I am glad you are of one mind, Master Hobbs. But if the people will talk-aye, and if any accuse John Lee of harboring witches—"

"Why, then, I will say 'tis false. I will stake my life on it."

"Easy, Master Hobbs."

"True—I had no doubt there is neither force for much good or evil in Ezra Easty—and as for the maid—it would go hard with me indeed to be compelled to take any of John Lee's household in charge."

"That I believe, and it does you credit," Giles Ellis answered, "but I cannot explain the grief of the family is so great I could not forbear speaking to you."

"A very proper man, and a kindlier than I had thought him," said the Marshal to himself when Giles Ellis passed on. "A very good citizen. I will do you credit, Giles, if John Lee, from foolish and evil tongue, do harm shall come to him or his I can prevent it."

Pondering thus, the Marshal of Salem pursued his way, marveling at the evil times.

CHAPTER VII.

LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHTNING FROM A CLEAR SKY.

Silence reigned in and about John Lee's house; the restful calm of a quiet, well-ordered, happy home prevailed. The old-fashioned clock loudly measured the hours with a precision that seemed a characteristic of John Lee's movements, public or private. Whether at home or abroad, in all his dealings with the world, everything was done precisely, promptly, quietly.

A man of few words, save when speech was a virtue, no man in Salem had proved in time of need a man of action as plainly as John Lee.

Dorothea Lee and her daughter Janet met each other in the narrow passage to their sleeping apartment. The mother was on the point of speaking. Janet also seemed to be framing a speech, but before either found suitable words, John Lee's voice was heard, saying:

"Dorothea, it is time for worship."

Dorothea turned and entered the room where John Lee sat, saying to Janet:

"Speak to Ann."

Presently Ann and Ezra Easty followed Janet into the room, where John Lee sat, with a preoccupied air, while his wife handed him the Bible from a shelf, and seated herself near her husband. John Lee took his spectacles from their case carefully, rubbed them slowly with his handkerchief, the wisest of thought, placed the Bible on his knees, glanced at the light, and spoke in grave tones:

"These are troublesome times. We are surrounded with perils. There are things said and done such as only the evil one can instigate. I have lived in dangerous times. I have seen enough to convince me that a providence oversees the wisest of mankind. But I have never known, nor do I believe there ever was a time when men stood more in need of the counsel and comfort given in this book—John Lee's fingers seemed to caress the cover of the well-worn Bible on his knees—

"than at the present time. Every home is threatened. No man or woman knows the moment they may be called upon to answer charges that the vilest would blush to meet. No house is secure, no man or woman's life so free from reproach—"

A loud knock on the door caused Ezra Easty to bounce on his seat. He cast a terrified look at Ann Bigger, who too was in a tremor. Janet Lee rose quietly and opened the door. Samuel Hobbs, the Marshal of Salem, entered. John Lee placed the Bible on the table at his elbow, and rose.

"You are somewhat late, if you are come on business, but you are always welcome, as you well know," said John Lee.

The Marshal did not take the seat proffered him. On the contrary, he looked like a man ill at ease. He moved his hands uneasily, and stammered when he spoke.

"The business is none of my choosing. I never did more unwilling work—never made more unwilling errand."

"Since that is the case, the sooner the business is dispatched the better. Speak out freely. The way is open to you."

"My business concerns you nearly."

"Say you so, Samuel?" John Lee looked down and reflected. "Does it concern any one beyond those you see here?"

"No."

A silence fell upon the little circle so oppressive that Ezra Easty was sure the Marshal could hear his heart throbbing. At last John Lee, still standing with his face to the Marshal of Salem, broke the silence.

"Since it concerns all here, what may your errand be?"

at Dorothea Lee's face. She was regarding him calmly; if there was more than reasonable surprise or curiosity, her eyes did not reveal it. Janet Lee contained her breath, and her father with an undisturbed countenance. At last the Marshal cleared his throat, and with hat in hand, in a voice that was far from clear, said:

"I came as a friend, rather than in my official capacity."

"For which I thank you," John Lee answered, then leaning nearer the Marshal, he added: "Speak on. As friend, or Marshal of Salem, I am ready to listen. What may thy errand be, Master Hobbs?"

"I came to warn you you are suspected of harboring witches."

Upon hearing this, Ann Bigger made the sign of the cross in the air unperceived by the others. Ezra Easty's knees trembled, his teeth were inclined to chatter; but he braced himself firmly on his seat, looking with shifting, fearful glances at the Marshal, the picture of abject terror.

"Witches! God save all here!" exclaimed Dorothea Lee, standing upright in her alarm. Janet Lee alone looked calmly from her parents to the Marshal. John Lee made a movement as though he would turn the charge, then reconsidered, and turned to his wife and said:

"You do well to keep up a stout heart. And do you, too, keep up a stout heart. Now I'll away to the tavern and see what I may."

A moment her hand was clasped firmly, then Janet Lee stood alone, sighing, saying to herself: "I must keep up a stout heart, for I can never come singly. Poor Uncle Martin. This will be worse than all. How it will end heaven only knows!"

She pondered long, then walked to the dresser, and, taking some cakes from the plate, hastily consumed them, but not so quickly as to escape the eyes of Ezra Easty, who stood near the window observing her in obedience to the command of Ann Bigger. He waited outside until Janet entered the adjoining room, then, seeing the way clear, entered and approached the dresser, smiling grimly over his discovery. He was looking at the cakes when John Lee came upon him so suddenly that the apprentice started. His master demanded, in stern tones:

"What now, Ezra?"

"I was looking at the cakes."

"I was looking at 'em, too, but not so quickly as to escape the eyes of Ezra Easty, who stood near the window observing her in obedience to the command of Ann Bigger. He waited outside until Janet entered the adjoining room, then, seeing the way clear, entered and approached the dresser, smiling grimly over his discovery. He was looking at the cakes when John Lee came upon him so suddenly that the apprentice started. His master demanded, in stern tones:

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—than my mother, else she would not have preferred you before Giles Ellis."

"And did she so?" Arthur Proctor's face beamed with pleasure.

"Or I would not say so. My father's heart was for Giles Ellis—but my mother likes thee best."

Arthur Proctor clasped her hand fervently. "Trust me to serve you both. I could not rest until I learned the truth concerning this wild rumor from your own lips. The very air is burdened, poisoned, with malice and folk of all kinds. Old women gossip, children's talk, matters men should not repeat in earnest, become as grave as though the breath of life depended on it. Now that I know how it lies with you I will go straight to the Marshal and get his ear. I will find him at Thomas Beadles' tavern. I dare say 'Tis there all gossiping, except some of the wretched women's clothes," added Proctor, scornfully.

"Beware of Giles Ellis."

"Why should I beware of Giles Ellis?" he asked.

"Because he left me with an evil look. He will not harm me. He will seek his hatred on some one dear to me, I know. 'Tis in his heart, and he has the power."

"Let him try his worst with me. I defy him."

"You do well to keep up a stout heart. And do you, too, keep up a stout heart. Now I'll away to the tavern and see what I may."

A moment her hand was clasped firmly, then Janet Lee stood alone, sighing, saying to herself: "I must keep up a stout heart, for I can never come singly. Poor Uncle Martin. This will be worse than all. How it will end heaven only knows!"

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ON ELLIS ISLAND.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF HANDLING IMMIGRANTS.

An Average of 2000 Poor Foreigners a Day Are Coming Here—How They Are All Examined and Disposed Of.



WITH one of the parties of visitors who apply daily at the Barge Office for permission to visit Ellis Island, the writer made the trip on Tuesday morning. The boat runs from the Barge Office to the island about every forty minutes, from 6:45 A. M. to 8:30 P. M., and one was just leaving, so the visitors strolled in the Battery Park while waiting for the next one. All the seats were filled with newly arrived would-be citizens, and others stood in groups, their bags and bundles and babies at their feet. It was easy to tell when the boat was coming back, for most of them left their seats and crowded the entrance to the dock.

It is a delightful ten minutes' sail to Ellis Island, a spot of land at the mouth of the North River and directly behind the Statue of Liberty. It seems to be altogether covered with buildings, and it is very nearly so. The Government has just completed a hospital and other necessary outbuildings, and there is little ground left unoccupied. In front of the large building two steamers were being moored, both of them black with crowds from an incoming European vessel. As we passed close to them to land at the



A GROUP OF PORTUGUESE PEASANTS.

end of the large dock picturesque costumes and bits of color were noticeable. The Government has five transfer boats and three barges, capable of carrying 2500 people. These meet the incoming steamer at her dock and take off her living freight with great expedition. Most of the landings are made in the early morning, so that the passengers can be examined and investigated and sent on to their prospective homes the same day. Over the steamer's side they are hurried, and their baggage taken on the barges. In most instances the barges, which were intended only for baggage, have to take passengers, too, for it is found impossible in many cases to disperse the immigrant from his personal effects. He lugs it around with him everywhere, and when he is waiting, invariably tries to sit on the whole of it, no matter how many pieces it may happen to be. When he is away he gets a friend to sit on it.

The trip from the steamer to the little island is very perplexing to most of the foreigners. Years of Governmental oppression have perhaps rendered them jocular, and at the same time cunning and suspicious. Most of them think the island is merely a floating dock, though why they should be taken there when their destination is in the interior of the mainland they cannot understand. But, as will be seen, the idea is in every way wise and excellent. By no other arrangement could the country and the immigrants themselves be as effectually protected. By it those not wanted cannot escape, and can be readily returned, and those acceptable are protected from the sharpers and harpies who, on land, would be waiting for them.

Told in all the languages available that they must land at the island, the immigrants lug along their possessions to the great building and are ushered into a pen. Their eyes open upon the greatest transportation depot in the world. It measures 410 by 150 feet, and is divided off into separate compartments by large-mesh wire nettings, so that the whole is always under scrutiny, and there are no corners for cunning tricks or evil deeds. As they come into the room the newcomers are closely inspected by a corps of medical experts under the charge of Dr. John Godfrey, of the Marine Hospital Service. Then they are passed on to the registration department.

"What's the matter with me!" exclaimed one irascible Irishman one morning. "I'm no Bashi-Bazook, nor no Phania, neither! Yet those fellows waddled me all over. Here's me papers to show for it."

His papers were all right, but he looked a trifle consumptive, and the doctors had laid their ears close to his

breast and back to listen to the workings of his lungs and heart. The doctors pick out the sick and prescribe for them at once, or send them to the hospital in the rear, where they receive treatment. Those liable to have contracted contagious diseases are sent to the contagious diseases hospital, and the idiots or imbeciles are taken immediately to the New Jersey State Asylum at Hoboken.

Those of good health are passed on to the Registry Department, where they produce their papers, answer to their names, give their age, nationality, whether they can read and write, where they are going to, to whom, their occu-



IMMIGRATION BUILDING ON ELLIS ISLAND.

—amount of money they have, if they have railroad tickets, and if they have ever been in the country before. In the case of those able to speak English, the last question generally comes first.

Those about whom there is any question are crowded into the next department and detained. They may be there for a few minutes, an hour or so or until the steamer which brought them is ready to take them back. This department is under the charge of N. J. Arbelly, Major Semy and Morris Silverstein, a trio who speak most of the European and Asiatic languages. The first named, who is a Syrian, and was for some years the United States Consul at Jerusalem, claims to speak eleven languages; Major Semy, a Hungarian, speaks six, and Mr. Silverstein, five. So when Mr. Arbelly walks up to an immigrant he rarely says "Ke voutlette?" or its equivalent in French or German; but his "what-can-I-do-for-you?" salutation is generally in Arabic, "Shoo biddah?" or in Greek, "Tee telete?" or in Turkish, "Ne yistin?" The same with the other two gentlemen. No one would think they were all asking the same question from the words or the manner of putting.

While we were detained by curiosity in the detention pen, Colonel Weber came hurrying through and recognized the greybeard of the little party as an old acquaintance. He explained that the immigrants returned comprised paupers, criminals, contract laborers, those suffering from contagious or loathsome diseases and insane and idiots. Of all these there had been retained during the year ending April 1st, 2094, out of 445,000. This, too, was about as many as Castle Garden (when the Emigration Bureau was a State department) had returned in four or five years. Colonel Weber invited the little party to view his offices, which are situated at the west end of the building. They are fine, large rooms, flooded

with light by wide windows. "That's what we wanted," said he; "light and plenty of it; for after a week or two of storage life these people are none too sweet. We are doing everything we can for them in that respect. We have supplied them with barbers and are erecting bathhouses."

There are only about 112 Government employes, each of whom speaks two or more languages, and, in addition, the trunk railroads have about seventy-five men employed here.

The Bureau was transferred from the Barge Office to Ellis Island the first of this year, and Colonel Weber is exceedingly pleased with the increased accommodation and the improved system it has enabled him to make. "We can now handle 10,000 people a day," he said. "We handled 5100 people in one day a couple of weeks since, and everything worked nicely, and there was no relax of efficiency of service. We could not have done this at the Barge Office or Castle Garden."

By the time we got upon the huge floor again some hundreds of the immigrants were hustling on the trunk line railway companies' boat and being conveyed with their baggage to the various railroad depots. Others had just passed the doctors and were registering, so that we could see the whole system. The women sat in groups, with their bundles and babies, while the men were getting their money changed, sending telegrams, buying tickets or laying in provisions at the lunch counter. In this large new building there seems to be every possible comfort and convenience for the newcomers, and as no one is allowed among them except officials or persons well known to the Commissioner they are entirely protected from sharpers and tricksters. The rates of exchange are sent from Wall street every day and posted up in several different languages; railroad rates are also made clearly known, and the food served at the restaurant is good and cheap.

The women, too, and the children, although shabbily dressed and bearing the marks of a passage in the steerage, were, as Colonel Weber remarked, of a good class. There was one large Portuguese group that, having washed and eaten a frugal lunch, seemed fairly content to wait. They had not the fresh complexion of some newly arrived groups from Northern Europe, but their eyes were bright with eager hopes of the future in their new land. There were very many of babies, and it seemed that even the poorest of them had some bit of jewelry or bright ribbon—probably saved up by the fond parents for this auspicious day. Some expected to meet friends or relatives. For these there is a platform with tiers of benches at the far end, where they can wait and watch for friends. For the same purpose there is a gallery running all around the building. These friends give the names of those they seek to the registrars, if they are there early, and when the immigrant comes up to register the name is called out. Those friends coming after the registration give the names to officials, who bowl them out all over the floor and take pains to find the proper parties.

There are a number of girls who come in couples or alone, for the purpose of being domestic servants. There are two matrons who attend to these. They are detained and their friends here, if they have any, are at once telegraphed to. If they have none they are turned over to the religious missions—of which there are several doing excellent work—and then they are cared for and have suitable situations obtained for them.

For those detained who have come in violation of the law of 1891 and who have to be returned, there is a separate building,